

Good Morning 726

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

The Bookie Can't Lose —He Knows His Job

THE Victory Derby, the last substitute race to be run on Newmarket Heath (so it is hoped) had been decided, and the pals at the Jolly Roger were discussing the usual moans which had been put out by the chiefs of the bookmaking fraternity to the effect that they had lost money on the race.

"THAT joke is now such a hardy annual," said Paddy, "that I wonder whether any but the greatest mugs ever fall for it. The way the betting goes on the Derby, it does not matter whether the favourite wins or loses, the bookmaker nets a nice working profit unless he has done a bit of gambling on the side.

"How many times have I tried to tell people that bookmakers don't gamble?"

"They may gamble on cards, games and pigeon-shooting, as they used to do with great regularity every winter at Monte Carlo, but in their business of bookmaking they work to figures, and they arrange their figures—meaning the bets they lay—at such prices that they derive a certain percentage of profit whichever way the verdict goes."

"Here comes Bernard," said the Guv'nor. "Now let us get his expert opinion on the question."

"How much have you lost on the Derby?" was the way Paddy chose to put it.

"That's a very personal question," said Bernard, but, before answering it, let me ask why you take it for granted that I have lost and not won?"

"Surely you have seen the newspaper," laughed the Guv'nor. "They nearly all carry a story telling how the bookmakers have had a bad race."

"It's not for me to contradict anything that does not concern me personally," countered Bernard.

"Now, come down to earth," said the Guv'nor. "You know that we always try to get to the truth of things in our little

"It is much the same as stock-brokering. You know the stockbroker doesn't care two hoots what happens to the shares bought and sold on the Stock Exchange; he gets his fixed commission for working the transaction.

"The big bookmakers, and there are not many of them, work to figures, and the betting is arranged to give them a return for their work no matter what horse wins.

There are times when the bets fall a bit awkward, but in a race such as the Derby, where you find every horse backed for varying amounts, it is usually a good thing for the bookmaker to win.

"It is only with the Totalisator, where every shilling of the money invested is shown, that the actual figures are known. It is almost impossible to calculate just how much money is passed over in bets on a race such as the Derby. Even those bookmakers who would like people to think they had suffered heavy losses will agree that the volume of betting on what is now described as the Victory Derby was the biggest ever known.

"All Yorkshire was supposed to have backed Dante for varying amounts, according to the size of their purses. As Yorkshire is the biggest county in acreage, no doubt the bookmakers feel on sure ground in quoting this to bolster up their claim to have lost money."

"There are many more thickly-populated counties of half the acreage.

"If you take the rest of England, I would like to wager that the majority of ordinary people did not back the favourite, because in the Derby, in particular, they like to go for a long-priced outsider.

"Well, my friends, that is the

best way I can explain it, but no definite answer can be given because it is almost impossible to collect the colossal number of transactions that must have taken place."

"And yet there are people who think that betting can be suppressed by legislation," said the Guv'nor, "as if a mild flutter once a year on the Derby does harm to anyone."

"It is about time our legislators tackled the problem properly," said Paddy. "Here we have two distinct aspects of the law regarding betting.

"The man who bets on credit can ring up his bookmaker and register his bet at any time, but the little man who puts on his humble shilling or so with the street

USELESS EUSTACE



"Where's that tiger? Where's that tiger?"

bookie must look furtively round every corner to make sure there isn't a bobby about!"

"Perhaps we may live to see the day when all bookmakers are licensed, as they have been for many years in Australia and other countries," said the Guv'nor. "Not long ago a very sensible magistrate, who was compelled to levy a fine on a street bookmaker, gave it as his opinion that ready-money bookmakers should be licensed and permitted to ply their trade openly."

"Yes," added Bernard, "it is only by such broad-minded utterances in public life that our legislators may at last wake up to the fact that betting will always be with us whether we try to hide it or not."

"Better allow it to be carried on openly than to have it carried on as now with street bookies and their runners yanked before a magistrate every so often."

"You will have me hauled before the Justices if you don't hurry up and say 'Good-night,'" finished the Guv'nor.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Calling L.Sig. Kenneth Halliday

WE certainly got a boisterous welcome, Leading Signalman Ken Halliday, from your mother at No. 16 Mayfield Park, Fishponds, Bristol. Seems Kim is alive to the fact that there's a war on! He'd just lost a tooth in a fight with Skimp (remember?) from across the road.

However, he's definitely surrendered unconditionally to Stephen, your seven-months' old godson, but then, so does everybody.

Your mother says you'll be surprised to hear she's managed to persuade "Pop" to take a fortnight's holiday this year and they're thinking of going to Bournemouth.

Uncle Bill, or shall we say, "Lord William," is on top of the world now that the basic ration is coming on!

A YARN ON YARNS for P.O. ARTHUR SPENCER

WE stood beneath the arch of clematis in the garden of 16 Victoria Road, Staines, and asked Sheila what she wanted Uncle Nobby to bring her. She rumbled her fair curls and smilingly suggested a kola-bear.

Well, that may be a somewhat tall order, but if you bring yourself home safely, everyone, including Sheila, will wish for nothing more, P.O. Arthur Spencer.

Little Sheila had come with your sister to visit your mother, but Mollie had unfortunately gone to the cinema when we called.

Still, we met Glad and her little boy, Tony, who were also visiting and both of them hope you'll be home soon.

Your brother Don was doing something to his cycle with a spanner, but he interrupted his work long enough to have a photograph taken, though you will notice he's all set to get going again.

He told us that he was going swimming at Peter Fowler's, and that he finds this a more satisfying sport than your favourite. However, maybe it's a good thing that you are the only fisherman in the house, Arthur!



for otherwise you might not always agree about the catch!

As it is, you will still have no body to question your yarns when you return from one of those patient vigils. The Moor and Duggle Reynolds will no doubt continue to keep their secrets.

Your young sister Valerie's only message was that you should come back soon. We suggested that she might like a present, but Valerie agreed, but your return appeared to have priority, your piscatorial enthusiasm.

Your mother is looking after all the photographs of the uniformed Spencer brothers arrayed in their place of honour. Barry was fortunate enough to get home a short while ago, but Reggie and Roy are still too busy.

However, your mother hears regularly from all of you and is eagerly looking forward to the time when you will be home again.

Meanwhile, best wishes go out to you from everyone at home, and everyone hopes the Moor is even more fishy when your return.

RETURN

MANY Kent farmers may soon be able to boast that they have the most up-to-date farms in the whole of the British Isles. And they will have the R.A.F. to thank for them.

It all began when it was decided that eleven more auxiliary airfields must be made available for the huge numbers of fighter and fighter-bomber aircraft engaged in round-the-clock bombing of German lines of communication in preparation for D-Day.

There was no time to do things gently.

Bulldozers, tractors and other machines were set at work to flatten out strips of the countryside, to clear away the top soil, to tear up hedges and trees, and to fill in ponds and streams.

Nearly a hundred farms were demolished and many hundreds of cottages were wiped out.

It was a terrible sacrifice on the part of the men and women who had lived in the farmhouses their forefathers had, perhaps, owned for centuries, or who occupied the cottages in the pretty villages and hamlets of the Kentish weald.

There is no way to restore the landscape to its traditional appearance, but the Government is doing its utmost to recompense the dispossessed countrymen.

New farms, farmhouses and farm-buildings are being planned on an all-electric basis, and cottages, which it is intended shall be the finest in the country, are to be erected.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

OLD OCEAN'S CURE

WE called him Old Ocean, though he wasn't old by any means. He was just over thirty years of age, but he knew so much about the sea and whaling that he had command of the *Bee*, and was bringing home tanks full of oil every trip.

When he was on the deck of his ship he was the big spot-light anywhere between the Poles. When he was ashore he was just like you and me.

I always like to think I was responsible for the cure. Being his first mate, he and I went up after every trip to spend an hour or so with the owner, William Barrat, of the Barrat Whaling Company, who was about the dearest owner you'd find all along the coast.

It was when we were going up one evening when Old Ocean turned to me as we reached the front gate of the Barrat establishment, and said suddenly:

"What would you do in my place?"

I looked up at him and then across the lawn towards the house where the owner's daugh-

ter was sprinkling water on a rose bed.

"If I was in your place," I said, "I'd ask her right away. I'd have done it before now."

A queer twisted kind of smile went over his face.

"I know you would," he answered, "you've asked more than one to marry you, haven't you?"

"I have," I admitted, "but none of them is game enough to take a chance. That's why I'm working as your mate."

We didn't have time to say more, for Miss Joyce Barrat saw us, and came forward. You can take a mate's word that she was the goods. I can't describe her, or I'd fall foul of the words to use, but if Old Ocean hadn't been in love with her I'd have fallen in love myself.

It took me all my time to keep out of it, even though I knew she didn't think any more about me than she thought about a row of beans.

Her father met us at the door and took us into his study for a chat before the dinner was ready.

This was the usual proceeding, and we generally got a drink, but this time we didn't get anything.

Seated in one of the big leather arm-chairs was a man about the skipper's age, and he didn't look as if he had just come down from the swell part of San Francisco. The owner introduced us.

"Captain Temple," he said to the skipper, "this is Hugh Backer, the son of one of my oldest friends who buys the oil you bring home. He came down to see my girl, and I. He has heard about you, and the nickname they give you on ship-board."

"Oh!" said the skipper. Just that, and nothing more. And I, who was standing in the background, saw that Old Ocean had been hit between wind and water.

It was as plain as a mainmast that Hugh Backer was in the running for the girl. All the same, when I was introduced to Backer I felt he had been soaking in liquor. He had heavy, weary eyes and puffs under his lashes, and his hand shook.

"My bold buckoo," I thought, "you've had a cargo not very long ago, though you may think you don't look it."

We went in to dinner, Backer sitting beside the girl and Old Ocean, and I opposite them; and as the Old Ocean's lips were as tight as a vice, just as he straightened them during a whale chase.

I took a good look at this Backer again, and remarked that if the skipper came across any smuggled year older than the skipper, and firewater he'd pay him well for it. When Backer had gone, the owner went to a cupboard and brought out a bottle of the old heavy, horn rims that made him look worse than he really was. His clothes were good, but soiled, goods. "I'm going to be frank with you," he said as he poured out the liquor. "I didn't bring it out before for a reason you may have thing."

This 3-day story written specially for submariners, tells of a skipper in love and how he "cured" his rival

His hands were stained about as guessed. Captain, I'm glad you resisted the temptation to bring in smuggled rum for that young man."

"I wrote yesterday to his father," continued the owner, "that if he didn't take his boy in hand I would forbid him speaking to my girl."

Old Ocean sat up straight at that and his lips tightened more than ever.

"That boy," said Barrat mus- ingly, "was one of the cleverest chemists in the State a year or so ago. I've always let Joyce please herself in her friendships, and I don't know whether she likes him or not. But he's spoken to her: he came up here yesterday with the smell of booze on him fit to knock down an elephant, and was telling her things when I barged in. I didn't charge him with being drunk. I just told him to wait until he could think clearly. He laughed, and went away. And now he's back to-night in the same condition."

"What about—your daughter, sir?" asked Old Ocean. "Do you think—?"

He bit out the words between his teeth, and left the question unfinished. I guess it was difficult for him to finish it.

"You mean about her marrying him?" cried Barrat. "I haven't said a word to her yet, but I'm going to. I don't know what she feels about it, but I know what I feel. The man who is my son-in-law and takes over the whaling fleet will not be a booze-fighter, I can tell you that."

"How does he get it?" asked Old Ocean.

"I don't know. He must be in league with the bootleggers, but the strange thing to me is that he hasn't been caught. He came up here to-night to meet you boys. He said he wanted to ask you some- thing. It was to get him more

stuff, I suspect. I'm glad you saw my signal, skipper."

Old Ocean nodded.

"Send him a trip with us," I laughed. "He'd drink so much sea water that he'd never taste the smuggler's stuff again."

"If a trip would cure him," remarked Old Ocean softly between his teeth, "it might be arranged. If I thought it would make your daughter happy—"

A knock sounded on the door and we heard the girl's voice asking her father if he was going to keep the captain and I all night to himself. He ran across the room and threw open the door.

She was standing on the threshold, a vision of beauty. We got to our feet for it was getting late.

"Have you got to go already?" she cried. "I was hoping that you'd let me hear some of your whaling stories, like what you usually tell me."

"We've been talking things over, Joyce," replied her father, laying his hand kindly on her shoulder, "and I'll have a word with you later, but I think they've got to go to catch the tide. Captain Temple will give you a yarn next time, won't you, captain?"

"I'll do my best to have a yarn worth telling, sir."

He held out his hand and gripped hers, and I turned to shake with her father. I heard the skipper say something in a low tone to the girl and she gave a little cry, something between a gasp and a protest, but it was cut short as Old Ocean turned away.

"We'll be back in six or eight months, sir," the skipper said, as he shook hands with the owner.

As we descended the front steps I caught a glimpse through the open door of the girl standing in the hall watching us, her hands clasped on her breast.

(To be continued).

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 725

1. What is the difference between coir, choir, quire?
2. If you joined the R.A.O.B., to what would you belong?
3. What does "combe" mean in town-names like Ilfracombe?
4. What is the shortest chapter in the Bible?
5. By how many hours is time in Australia behind or ahead of Greenwich time?

1. Fauna means animal life; Flora means plant life.
2. General Medical Council.
3. Camp.
4. Psalm 119.
5. 2,000lbs. U.S.A. and Canada.
6. February 29 occurs only in Leap Years; others occur every year.

People are Queer

WHEN Sir Leonard Franklin, big financier, was taken seriously ill while on a sea trip, the doctor insisted that he must have a nurse at his side all day long. But there was no nurse on board.

The passengers got to hear of the matter, and a woman offered to take on the job. Sir Leonard got better.

When he died last December he left £72,000. One-fifth of it goes to the woman—Mrs. Anne Grove—who gave up her pleasure to act as a nurse.

FOR more than seventy years, Mr. Frank Whitmore, of Kimbolton Road, Bolnhurst, Kent, has tolled the bells at the village church. Although he is now in his 84th year, he is still doing it.

WHEN Mrs. Eveleigh Nash moved house from the countryside to Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, she missed the trees so much that she took them with her.

At least, she carried off with her a few acorns and conkers, and stuck them in flower-pots, tubs, and such things.

In time they sprouted and grew, until part of her flat looked like a miniature forest.

Guests have to wend their way through the woodery to get to the dining-room. The only thing missing is the birds.

Each year Mrs. Nash starts new trees growing by getting friends to put the seeds in their window-boxes.

When the shoots appear she gathers them up and re-plants them in pots for the flat-forest.

Some of the older specimens are getting too big for their quarters, and will probably be presented to a public park.

MR. SAMUEL COULBER, ex-Marine, knows more about the heads of the Government than any other man. For a shilling a time, he clips the locks of M.P.s in his saloon at the Houses of Parliament, and has done so for the past twenty years.

He's a busy man, and not talkative. M.P.s, who sit in his chair at the rate of ten or twenty a day while the House of Commons is sitting, don't encourage chatter, and the Parliament barber reckons to polish them off at the rate of three minutes apiece.

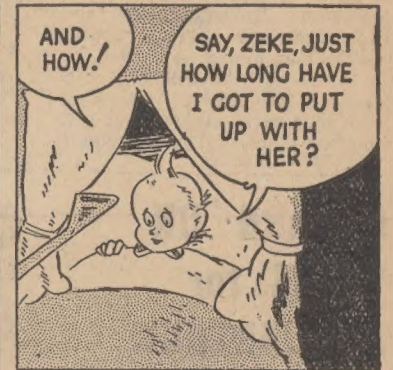
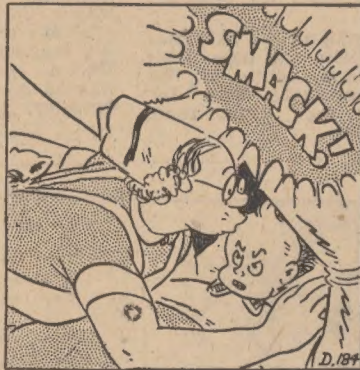
Mr. Churchill is one of his regulars. Mr. Coulber finds the three minutes plenty of time to cut his hair.

It was different with two other Premiers—Mr. Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald.

One of the ambitions of Mr. Coulber's life is to have a go at Mr. Maxton's famous locks.

D.N.K.B.

BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

No. 665

1. Behold a relative and get something else.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: ealesksaremaeofstainewoo.
3. What kind of tart can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: She began to — him for coming into the house with — of mud on his shoes.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 664

1. B-ramble.
2. Ammonia answers as a stain remover.
3. LINK.
4. Chase, aches.

JANE

IT MAKES YOU WONDER

TILBURY is about the first dock one sees when sailing up the Thames. Its landing stage is the gateway for people from New Zealand, Australia, China, India and elsewhere coming to London, England.

But Tilbury is only one of many, and each dock on the Thames is crammed full of romance. Well has the Thames been called "liquid history."

Every dock has its warehouses, every warehouse has its romantic contents.

Commercial Docks has a lumber yard covering 160 acres! More wood is piled there than in any dock in the world. After a shower of rain one can smell the fresh-cut spruce, pine, and other timber.

St. Katherine Docks are built on the old site of the Church of St. Katherine, founded by Queen Matilda in 1148.

West India and Millwall Docks are on the Isle of Dogs.

Passing these docks you may smell wines, spices, sugar, rum, coffee, iodine, hemp, fish, coconuts, brandy, and much else, even dates.

Forty ships, equal to a good-sized navy, can tie up in the Victoria and Albert and King George V Docks. It is the largest sheet of enclosed dock water in the world.

There are special warehouses for the stores of goods that come from all parts of the earth.

At Butlin Street there are usually seventy rooms filled with carpets alone.

There is enough leaf tobacco to keep a man smoking constantly for 500,000 years.

There are 28 miles of vaults and tracks underground on which to roll barrels of wine. London imports 12,000,000 gallons every year. Some of the gaugers have been on the job for forty and fifty years.

Some of the wine has been lying there when these gaugers started to work in the vaults.

The docks are also the world's market for ivory, much of which goes to make artificial teeth. Every twelve months some 2,000 elephants' tusks come from Asia and Africa, but not so many come from newly slain elephants.

Lots of them are from mud-holes, left by elephants that died years and years ago.

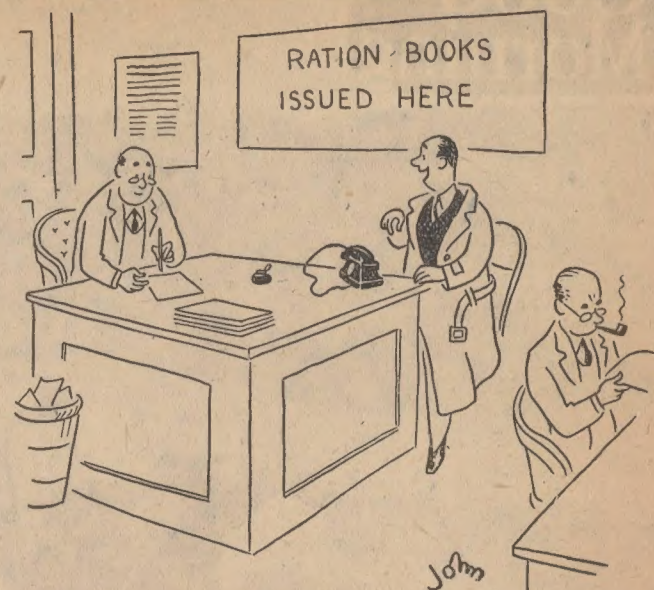
Now and then come tusks of mammoths found in the ice of Siberia. Also come hippopotamus teeth and narwhal tusks.

You may not be aware that rhino horns are not horn at all; they are compressed hair.

When the Italians invaded Abyssinia there was a rush for rhino horns from the warriors of Haile Selassie.

They believed them to be a kind of medicine capable of giving courage to the warriors.

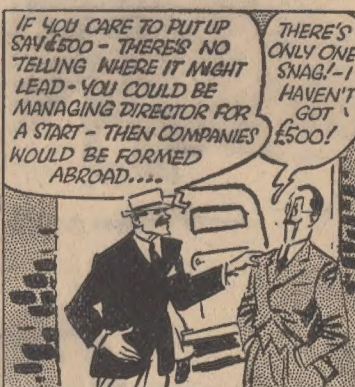
China bought the horns also for medicine; but the Abyssinian demand was so great and the price went so high that China dropped out of the market.



"Mind if I 'phone the hospital? I'm expecting another half-pound of butter!"



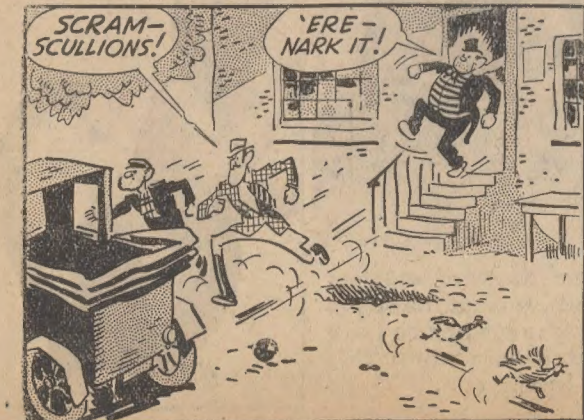
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



VERY HOT AIR

ONE of the most beautiful and yet practical aircraft ever built is the Avro Tudor I. A low-wing, medium-sized transport, looking a bit like a Skymaster, is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlins, with four-bladed de Havilland airscrews. It has grace and, with those smooth flowing lines, something that might almost be described as glamour. Fully loaded, Tudor I weighs 34 tons, accommodates 24 travellers, and ranges 4,890 miles at 10,000 ft., using only 500 h.p. from each Merlin. Maximum speed is 346 m.p.h., a speed any fighter would have been proud to have had before the war. A real classy job.

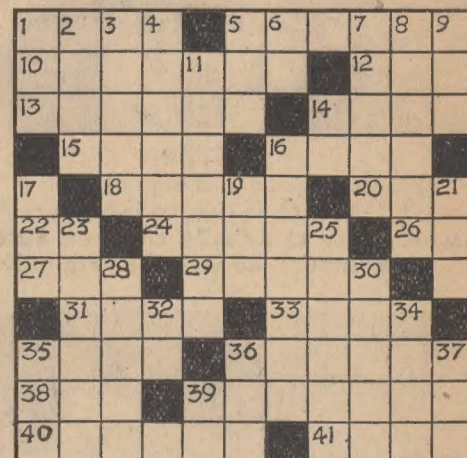
CIVIL aviation is rolling up its sleeves. The China National Aviation Corp now operates routes in China, Burma and India for the Chinese Government. Curtiss C-46 Commandos are used. Qantas Empire Airways has opened a Civil Air service between Sydney and Lae (New Guinea).

It will soon work thrice weekly. Pan-American-Grace Airways, Inc., has been granted a permit to operate between Lima and Iquitos (Peru). Is already operating between Canal Zone and Buenos Aires.

THE B.O.A.C. Mosquito service to Stockholm has been cancelled. Dakota aircraft have taken over. Planes leave Croydon and Bromma every day. Less romantic, but decidedly more comfortable!

CROSS-WORD CORNER

S SPUD HIND
CHAR IBERIA
RIPE REMAND
ELICITS TOO
ELDER EDEN
DOVER A
BEEN CUFFS
PALISHMAEL
ASLANT MINE
DREDGE ERSE
SAND WARY D



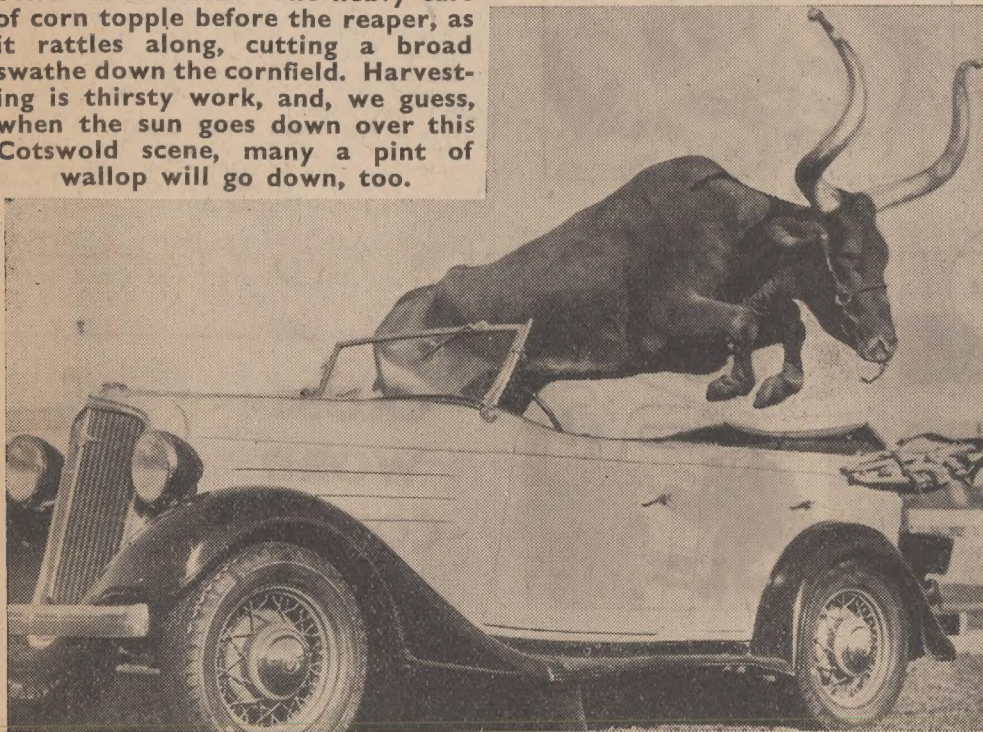
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Insect. 5 Big ship. 10 Raise. 12 Proper. 13 Tower. 14 Gold covering. 15 Sodium compound. 16 Human being. 18 Situation. 20 Short note. 22 If not. 24 Stair-post. 26 Number. 27 Bird. 29 Fish. 31 Way of walking. 33 Meat. 35 Star. 36 Entirely free. 38 Shrub. 39 Baby clothes. 40 Brook. 41 Noticed.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Paid up. 2 Burden. 3 Pulsate. 4 Grow robust. 5 Behave. 6 About. 7 Dislike. 8 Sulky. 9 Still. 11 Shortest. 14 Proceed. 16 Famous poet. 17 Portable trough. 19 Number. 21 Rabble. 23 Stew. 25 Foliage. 28 Vacillate. 30 Hit. 32 That is. 34 Nip. 35 Woman. 36 Weir. 37 Study. 39 "The" French.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. The heavy ears of corn topple before the reaper, as it rattles along, cutting a broad swathe down the cornfield. Harvesting is thirsty work, and, we guess, when the sun goes down over this Cotswold scene, many a pint of wallop will go down, too.



STEER OVER STEERING WHEEL.

"Oh, very good! Very witty! I wonder how he thinks of 'em all, the sap!" Which is just to introduce "Vaulto," world's champion jumping steer, who can easily clear an automobile—but has nothing on his old woman, who was the original cow that jumped over the moon!



BULL PUP SETTLES ARGUMENT.

Appears there's trouble in paradise. This bull pup and the kitty-cat grew up together, ate together, slept together and played together. And now they fight together—and all because of a misunderstanding. The cat really said, "How's your old man?" The pup thought she said, "WHO'S your old man?"



PEANUT ROLLING CATCHES ON.

Since the Americans discovered London, in the invasion of 1942, American pastimes have caught on. Gum-chewing is now universal. "Any gum, chum?" is lisped by babes in arms! And now it's peanut-rolling! Here's a contest that took place at King's Cross. Note the contestants' plastered noses. Note the professionally marked-out course. Go it, socko!



DOGGY GUARD. In these days of clothes coupons and "futility" clothes, if a gal happens to have a few pretties left, it behoves her to look after them. Hence the watch-dog when this bather took her nap in the sun.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yah, just a knicker nark!"

